

## The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 2, 1918, was 155,821, an increase of 10,225 over the previous week.

### THE FRONT—

This newspaper occasionally finds moments of embarrassment in the fact that it is written not only by and for but also about the American Army, so that when in its excitement, it gives vent to a cheer for the Yankee soldier, it might seem to present the unedifying spectacle of the A.E.F. applauding itself.

But just now a great part of the A.E.F. is cheering from the bottom of its heart for another great part. To all the American soldiers whom fate touched on the shoulder and summoned into the Second Battle of the Marne, every other American in France takes off his hat today.

They were called into a battle as fraught as Gettysburg in its consequence to the world for weal or woe, called in numbers greater far than ever the field of Gettysburg beheld. And through that last fortnight of July, 1918, between the Marne and the Ourcq, they fought with such splendid dash and such high, exalted courage that today every other American in France salutes them reverently.

In that battle, they have so borne themselves that every other American soldier wears his uniform a little more proudly, and in his eyes the dear star spangled banner gleams more brilliant in the morning sunlight.

### —AND BEHIND THE LINES

At how many proud and anxious homes across the sea the folks must have waited for the tidings the swift couriers brought from the banks of the Marne and the Ourcq! Can't you see the knots hanging over every flicker, the eager, jostling crowds blocking the traffic under every bulletin board? Can't you hear the bells sounding in solemn jubilation from every steeple?

But even America, with all its care and all its prayers for us, cannot have felt quite the thrill of that battle as it has coursed through the S.O.S.

As never before, those who must toil night and day in rushing forward the supplies have felt their part in the war. As never before the engineers trundling forth the new locomotives, the stevedores unloading the new ammunition, the hospital corps men and nurses getting ready the beds for their pals who would be hurt, have felt their shoulders pressing against the wheel, felt the strain of the push, the great sleepless, unrelenting, heaving push which will one day, please God, shove the German army across the Rhine.

### FIGHTING MEN

Here are two pictures of fighting men. The first picture carries a group of three men—Jack Dempsey, aged 23, standing over the prostrate form of Fred Fulton, aged 28, the conqueror looking on beyond to the massive form of Jess Willard, aged 33, sulking in his tent until a bigger purse is offered.

They are all "fighting men." At least that is the trademark they have proudly grappled.

The second picture has a lone entry. It is a picture of Scotty, aged 16, lying dead across his beloved shosho with a bullet through his brain, and out beyond him 30 German dead who had fallen before his fire.

We read where there were "thousands who acclaimed Dempsey's victory." There were no thousands to acclaim Scotty's fall, for his place was out in a French forest, where the thousands around him were too busy fighting themselves to speak through any voice save the rifles.

There are hundreds of loyal boxers from home in the A.E.F. We know how these two pictures must strike them. Just as we know how all the intense anxiety among many back home to crowd into a world's series and the winner's end must strike all loyal ball players serving under a greater flag than the pennant over here.

### THE GOLD STRIPE

It is a poor week which does not bring to this office several dozen inquiries about the gold service chevron. Who can wear it? Does service with the French or British or Canadian Armies count? Can ambulance men compute their service before they were sworn into the American Army? The easiest way to answer these inquiries is to dispose of them in a group by repeating the specific and unalterable rule regarding the method of computing the period of service that counts toward the chevron.

One gold chevron can be worn for every six months which a man has spent as a

member of the American Expeditionary Forces, beginning with the date on which he left United States territorial waters—if he left in an American uniform.

If a man came to France, say, with the first Canadian contingent and was transferred to the A.E.F. in 1917, his right to the chevron must be computed from the date of his transfer.

If a man came to France in 1916 as an ambulance driver and did not become a member of the A.E.F., even though he worked with the A.E.F. many months, until this year, he must reckon his right to the chevron from the day he took his oath to defend the Constitution of the United States.

No one in this wide and war-torn world will have the right to wear a third chevron until October. Anyone who sports three chevrons before that time—or who sports one at any time before he has been a member of the A.E.F. six months—is, whether he cares to look at it that way or not, a faker and a parader of honors he has not earned.

### NONE TOO GOOD

"Greater love," says the Bible, "hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

The American private has shown a still greater love for his country. He has come 3,500 miles from home, minus the glory and trappings of rank, prepared to give up his life—and something more—for the land he loves. He is giving up the comfort and ease and the dreams he knew at home for the long drudgery and monotony of training, not to speak of revolve and chow and inspection and stable or K.P. details too numerous to mention.

All this is but the prelude to the life forfeiture he stands ready to make, and often makes, at the end of the road. He has the greatest job in the war, because his job entails the greatest sacrifice, and this is a war of service.

An officer of considerably higher rank than a private saw a line of Yanks move to the attack, cheerful, nervous, on the job, as they headed for almost certain death into a machine gun nest. Later, he saw many of them come back, shot up, dripping blood and minus food and water for more than just a few hours. But, limping or reeling, they returned from the attack as they went to it—cheerful and nervous, without a whimper or complaint, only sorry they couldn't go on to the finish with their pals. They took nothing to their credit, and they looked for no reward. They had merely done a job, and they didn't stop to figure that it was the biggest job of the Army. And the officer, looking on, said it all:

"God! There's no living man too good to be a private in the American Army!"

### CHAINED

Dead German gunners have been found north of Chateau-Thierry chained to their machine guns.

That is only a minor detail. The main fact is that all Germany is chained to Kaiserism, chained to a wild madness, without a parallel in the world's history. Chained to machine guns? Why not? A nation that is willing to remain chained to Kaiserism, militarism, and the madness of world domination, regardless of any cost, would not be likely to bother about a chain that ran from ankle to machine gun.

It can do what it likes about this ankle chain. It is the other chain that we are going to break in behalf of the liberty, peace, and safety of the world.

### TAKE CARE OF YOUR STUFF

Just because you know there is a salvage depot attached to this Army of yours, the business of which is to mend your ripped pants so that you or somebody else can wear them again, is no reason for you to go out and rip them for the mere fun of the thing.

If you rip them "in line of duty," nobody will kick at fixing them up. But if you rip them from sheer carelessness, you are going to put just that much unnecessary work on to an already hard-worked organization. More important still, you are going to delay that organization just so much in pushing really necessary repair work essential to the winning of the war.

Carelessness with your stuff means waste to the Government and people who paid their good money for it and sent it over here for your comfort and protection. Such waste means time lost in making it shipshape again. And time lost on needless, avoidable repair jobs means nothing more or less than a longer war for us all.

### TO THE CRITIC BACK HOME

There are certain patriots back home who admit that they are willing to support the Army program up to a certain point, but who insist that they have a right to rise up at any moment with any criticism they may care to make.

They begin their support with a brick held in the right hand, looking for the first chance to let the brick fly.

No such fifty-fifty support is wanted by the A.E.F. This is no fifty-fifty war in any sense. There is no fifty-fifty stuff in the soul of the soldier who swings out over the top under heavy fire.

These back home patriots who do not intend to go the whole distance with the A.E.F. with all they've got should never start at all. They are merely clogging up the road. They may mean well enough, but they are not hooked to our kind of a war.

There are but two kingdoms ahead—the kingdom of Liberty and the kingdom of Kaiserism.

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

### GOING STRONG

One million three hundred thousand American soldiers sent to France. One million three hundred thousand lives entrusted to the fellows who flaunt red chevrons where ours—if we're corporals or better—are O.D., who wear their trousers upside down, and call their kitchen the galley.

They've been true to that trust. They're going stronger than ever. The A.E.F. hasn't forgotten you, brother gobs.

## The Army's Poets

### THE OLD GAME AND THE NEW

This game is not the game they knew  
Before they faced the guns;  
The game that called for tackle drives,  
Or cracking in the runs;  
The game they played on friendly sod  
Beneath a friendly sky,  
To poke a double down the line,  
Or snag the winging fly.

They had no forty years of drill  
Goose-stepping down the field;  
No endless talk of gun and lance,  
Of helmet and of shield;  
They heard no call of "Blood and?"  
No thought of endless dead,  
No call to leave their ancient hearths,  
To turn the rivers red.

Until the time came—and they knew,  
And with no backward glance,  
Their long lines gathered for the test  
Upon the fields of France;  
And with the same old "hit or out,"  
Through German steel and flame,  
They held the shield of their youth—  
"Heads up—and play the game!"

A new game? Yes, but still a game  
For those who had the heart  
To crack a line or spill an end  
Along the sportive mart;  
And so the slogan, born of old,  
Shall be their final aim—  
"Come on and show me something, kid;  
Heads up—and play the game!"

### THOSE NON-COMS

Holy smokes, I ain't no youngster,  
I'm old enough to vote,  
Still those fellows with de chevrons  
Always make me de goat.  
You'd think I was a school kid  
By de hours dat I keep;  
Say, before its ten o'clock  
Dey're rocking me to sleep.  
Den early in de morning,  
When it's so cold as hell,  
"Up, up, you lot of loafers,"  
Dey all begins to yell.  
Den we fills our fire box  
"Till we have had enough;  
I guess it's good and healthy,  
But I don't like that snuff,  
Den it's out into de pasture  
For daily exercise;  
Dey walks, an' walks, an' walks us,  
Dey've got no heart, den guys,  
All day dey keeps us moving,  
Dey say dat's what we needs,  
Arin when dey calls for supper,  
We're waddly in de knees,  
I guess dere's something in it  
From de way it makes me feel—  
I sirs was soft and flabby,  
Now I'm as hard as steel,  
I don't mean to raise no holler,  
"Cause I ain't no yeller guy;  
Besides, dey'll get me ready  
To make de Kaiser fly.  
Itay T. Boyd, — Engrs.

### TO E. P.

O, my Love, do remember  
The dreams of bygone years,  
The castles we built with sunshine,  
The rivers we filled with tears,  
The journeys we planned in the evening  
When the tasks of the day were done—  
And do you remember, Sweetheart,  
Our hopes for the years to come?

O, my Heart, can distance lengthen  
The hours 'twixt love days and war,  
Or do not the spaces lengthen  
The merry of scenes gone before?  
And are you not happy, dear, to know  
That love is a deathless bond,  
That its majesty towers the shadows,  
That it reaches the sunshine beyond?

O, my Life, try to remember  
Those dreams of long ago,  
Framed in our childhood dreamland,  
Where the sowers had yet to sow,  
And hark, 'mid the din of the conflict,  
To a promise made sacred by war,  
To a soldier's resolve to remember  
The deeds and the dreams, dear, of yore.

In a shell-torn, bleeding village,  
These lines of hope are penned  
While now, by our God, we have sworn  
That the vengeful tide shall be stemmed,  
And there, Love, there, the shadows  
A halo of right will enhance,  
As out of this burning hellfire  
Will rise the freed soul of France.

Pvt. Henry T. Samson, F.A.

THAT AGONY QUARTETTE  
When you're feelin' rather blue  
And you don't know what to do;  
When this old world seems drear and dark as jet;  
When you think of home, sweet home,  
And the girl across the beam,  
Your thoughts are rudely shattered by "That  
Agony Quartette!"

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little rose,"  
"Things on my fingers and bells on my toes,"  
"Little Annie Rooney," by the old mill stream,  
And "Don't wake me up, let me dream, dream, dream."

When the night with yells is teeming,  
And a million exits are screaming,  
And all you do is rave and fume and fret,  
Though the music's not divine,  
Take a tin, old pal of mine,  
It's sure a whole lot sweeter than "That  
Agony Quartette!"

"One, two, three, four, sometimes I wish there  
wer' more."  
"Ein, zwei, drei, vier," a thousand songs or  
more;  
And then you'll hear the tenor sing "Sweet  
Adeline,"

"I found you among the roses"—"Caroline,"  
Adeline,  
Oh, the hee-haw of a donkey  
And the screech of a monkey  
Are music in comparison, you bet;  
Don't waste your time in weeping,  
Or try dodging it—no sleeping  
When you hear the vocal chorus of "That  
Agony Quartette!"

"We'll build a little home in the U.S.A."  
"Meet me at twilight, sweetheart," "On moon-  
light bay,"  
"Better dry your eyes," "See your mammy's coal  
black nose,"  
"Pract'ly 'bake"—Where the river Shannon  
flows.

Corporal Jack Warren Carroll, F.A.

### TO BUDDY

It's a tough fight on you, Buddy,  
And it takes a heap of grit  
To stick and win  
And keep your grin  
When you're in the thick of it.

It's no cinch for you, Buddy,  
When the dreams with which you came  
Melt into naught  
As you are taught  
The horrid, bitter game.

It's a hard pull for you, Buddy,  
And oft times it looks damned blue,  
But square your chin  
And vow to win,  
And play the game—clean through.

For there's a great time coming, Buddy,  
A time worth waiting for—  
When Kultur's done  
And all is won,  
And the boys come home from war.

Oh, she'll be waiting, Buddy,  
And the love-light in her eye  
Will shine with joy  
As Her Big Boy  
Goes proudly marching by.

It's a hard road for you, Buddy,  
But it's more than worth the game  
To buck all fears  
So mother's tears  
Will be for joy—not shame.

Corp. Howard J. Green, Inf.

### THE ELUSIVE COOTIE

His teeth are sharp and he's quick on his feet,  
His office is just where your shirt and pants  
meet;  
From the top of your head to the tip of your  
toes.

The tiny, elusive wanderer goes.  
You can duck a bullet, dodge a shell,  
Race a shrapnel sent from hell,  
But the wise Old Doc, is sure to find  
Your speed won't leave the cooties behind.  
James L. Roberts, U.S.M.C.

## "YOU SEE IT HAPPENED THIS WAY—"



## DISGUSTUS QUIETUS

### IT'S A DISEASE THAT IODINE AND C. C. PILLS CAN'T CURE

There is a new disease in the A.E.F.  
It is rampant in a zone beginning just out  
of hearing of the big guns and extending back  
to the base ports. It is known as *disgustus  
quietus*.

The symptoms are a long face, melancholia  
and a ruined disposition, frequently accom-  
panied by a mental aberration on the part  
of the victim that the world is plotting against  
him. Iodine and C.C. pills have had no effect  
upon the malady and it has been listed, "No  
cure known."

A reporter of THE STARS AND STRIPES  
personally investigated a private afflicted with  
*disgustus quietus*, with the results disclosed  
in the following faithfully quoted dialogue:

Reporter:—Nice camp you have here—wash-  
room, shower baths and everything. Right  
near town, too.

Private:—I enlisted 16 months ago.

R:—Probably got a pass to go into town  
every evening.

P:—They put me herding beans around in  
a truck as soon as I hit France.

R:—Don't have taps until 11 o'clock Satur-  
day nights and a half-day off on Sunday.  
Pretty soft, eh?

P:—I've hauled 17,478,523,411 beans—and  
then some.

R:—Don't have to worry about lights here  
No airplanes would ever get this far.

P:—Swingjee nation beans, and I never  
heard a gun go off.

R:—Nice and quiet all the time. You can  
sleep a full night's sleep here.

P:—It wasn't so bad until the censors let

us tell where we were. The folks used to  
think I was up at Toul.

R:—No shells whistling around, and no  
hiking into dugouts.

P:—And look at the little girl. What'll she  
say? Thinks I'm over here bleeding and dying  
for my country.

R:—The Y.M.C.A. but you've got here.

P:—S.O.S., I wrote her. "What does  
that mean?" she says. "Sending over  
Shrapnel."

R:—Got a good canteen, too. Cigarettes  
and chocolate and everything.

P:—S.O.S., I stands for something of a  
Scandal, I say.

R:—And a piano, too.

P:—Or, Simply Only Stung.

R:—And a moving picture machine.

P:—My kid brother joined the Army eight  
months ago and he's killed six Germans, al-  
ready. Going to get the D.S.C.

R:—Have a movie show every night, I guess.

P:—Only order I've received is half a  
month's pay for not cleaning my truck.

R:—Have a ball game every evening after  
dinner.

P:—Look at me. "Battle! The loudest ex-  
plosion I've heard was a fire going out."

R:—And a league game every Sunday after-  
noon. Certainly some station you've got here.

P:—I joined the Army to go to war, not  
to go into the wholesale bean business.

R:—I can quote you as being entirely sat-  
isfied with this war, then?

P:—Yes, you cannot.

## THRIFT STAMPS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
The papers that are being received from  
home make mention of the extensive campaigns  
being carried on for the sale of War  
Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Before  
leaving the States I had purchased several of  
them, and it was my intention to keep adding  
to the book I had each month. I made an  
effort to obtain some here in France, but was  
informed that the postal authorities were not  
handling this feature of the postal service as yet.

The members of the A.E.F. responded re-  
markably well when the opportunity was af-  
forded them to purchase Second Liberty Loan  
Bonds, and it seems to me that if the War  
Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps were put  
on sale here, the post office would be a busy  
center each day. Most of the men who  
wish to save what little they can from their  
monthly pay check are in a quandary as to  
how to do their banking.

The money order division at the various  
post offices is a very busy place each pay day,  
and, furthermore, this is more or less an un-  
satisfactory method of sending money home.

Aside from the banking facilities that will  
be placed at the disposal of the members of  
the A.E.F. if these stamps are placed on sale  
here, I feel sure that the men will also pur-  
chase them from a patriotic standpoint.

It may be that some arrangements are under  
way to place these stamps on sale in France,  
but if not, I hope that THE STARS AND  
STRIPES will be in a position to present the  
matter for consideration.

A Subscriber

## A HAWKEYE SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I have received THE STARS AND  
STRIPES for May 31st, 1918, and I have read  
it with the greatest of interest. You are mak-  
ing a real newspaper. You certainly have a  
good plant, good press, working men, good  
and good editing. We are doing our best to  
keep the home fires burning here in the heart  
of the Central West.

I look as an editorial theme the burial of  
Julius Krammer, a German prisoner, gleaming  
from page two of THE STARS AND  
STRIPES.

I have read with the greatest of interest the  
observance of American Memorial Day and I  
am pleased to know that the orator of the  
day was Brand Whitlock, American Minister  
to Belgium, with whom I have a personal  
acquaintance.

This part of the country is patriotic in the  
extreme. We have a great enthusiasm here  
called Camp Dodge, where new soldiers are re-  
ceived and trained before they are sent to  
France. I write for the purpose of wishing  
success to THE STARS AND STRIPES, to all  
the dear boys who are fighting for us in  
France and Belgium.

LAFAYETTE YOUNG,  
Publisher, the Des Moines "Capital"

## STARS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I have noticed an article in your paper in  
regards to stars worn with service stripes. I  
would like to suggest that an excellent plan  
for stars would be to give the right to each  
previous service officer and enlisted man to  
wear a gold star for each five years of service  
in the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps and  
National Guard.

There are many old soldiers in the A.E.F.  
who have seen service in the Islands, China,  
Panama, and Cuba who are not entitled to  
show any mark for such service, but a star  
for every five years would indicate previous  
service.

Please don't think that as a whole we old  
soldiers care to decorate ourselves with a  
bunch of ribbons, etc., but as the powers have  
given us wound and service stripes, I think  
it just to let us wear some symbol to show  
our former service.

Pati. F. Mossmy,  
Sgt. — Inf. Engrs.

## UNDER THE SHELL

(From the Red Cross Bulletin)  
The Home Communication Service up in its  
Paris quarters in the "M annex" does not  
have many soldier visitors. But one came in  
Saturday afternoon.

"How did you hear about us?" asked Cap-  
tain H. B. Spelman, one of the chiefs of the  
Service.

"Well, I tell you, friend," replied the sol-  
dier. "Yesterday afternoon I was walking  
along not noticing much where I was going  
and I slipped into a shell hole. There was an  
unexploded shell in that hole with a news-  
paper under it. It's against general regula-  
tions and all that kind of thing to pick up an  
unexploded shell, but that newspaper looked  
like good luck to me, so I turned it over."

"That newspaper was THE STARS AND  
STRIPES, and it had your ad in it, offering  
to help men in trouble. I had something on  
my mind for several days that I didn't know  
how to get settled, and your offer just hit  
me. I came to Paris today and got it off  
my mind. That newspaper and that shell cer-  
tainly did stand me in good luck."

## "LET'S GET 'EM"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
Note that in the last anecdote of the "Along  
the Fighting Front from Soissons to Below  
the Marne" in the issue of July 26, sugges-  
tions are requested for a substitute for "Over  
the top," because the latter is now obsolete.

Here's one S.O.S. American who is so proud  
of the front line men of America that he'd  
like to suggest that the best expression for  
the start of the attack is, "Let's get 'em."  
For corroboration I refer you, not to the  
American communiques, but to those of the  
other Allies, fighting beside the Yank.

LAWRENCE DIXSEN, Corp. M.P.

## ANOTHER SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
My knowledge of your newspaper, with its  
consideration and kindness for enlisted men,  
prompts me to write the following:  
In these days when enlisted men's ability  
warrants them taking a course at the O.T.S.  
and becoming commissioned, would it prove  
more practical and beneficial to the Army if  
regimental supply sergeants were given an  
opportunity to qualify as supply officers or  
Quartermaster Lieutenants?